

BUYING A WAGON

How Mr. Brown Got the Worst of Two Bargains.

TRIED MAIL-ORDER METHODS

Thought He Was Saving Money, But Will Not Try the Same Thing a Second Time—Buying at Home Pays.

(Copyrighted, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark)
Mr. Brown, a farmer living in Boone county, Mo., decided to buy a spring wagon. The next time he was in town he went to the local dealer to see what he had in stock. One wagon that suited him was offered to him at \$75. He thought he would take it, but before ordering he looked over a mail order vehicle catalogue. Here he saw described a wagon which, as far as description went, was the same as the one he saw in the dealer's store room. In fact, the description was written in such a convincing manner and all of the good points of the mail order vehicle were brought out so thoroughly that it appeared to be superior to the other one. And the price was only \$67.45. Mr. Brown thought of the saving of \$7.55 which represented several days of hard work. The more he thought about it the more he wanted to save that amount and in the end the Chicago mail order concern got his check.
When the wagon finally arrived, with a freight bill of \$4.50, he rode to town with his son and spent half a day putting it together. He had to buy a screw driver and some oil and sand paper and a few bolts to replace some that had been lost in shipment.



Like the terrible devil fish the catalogue house is death to everything that gets within its grasp. Once its death-dealing tentacles have wound around your community, there is no escape. Are you assisting the greedy monster by sending your dollar to the mail order house?

All of these cost him 75 cents. He was not experienced at putting spring wagons together and he didn't do a very good job of it, for one of the seats refused to sit in the right place and he had to get a local blacksmith to help him fix it. This cost him another half dollar and delayed him so much that he and the boy had to go to the hotel for their dinners; an additional expense of 70 cents. So before he got his team hitched to the wagon it cost him \$73.90, allowing him a saving of \$1.10, which was very stingy pay for the time he had lost. Of the amount he spent for the wagon, only \$1.95 remained in Boone county. The railroads and the mail order house got the rest of it.

In the meantime his neighbor, Mr. Jones, bought the \$75 wagon from the local dealer, who made a profit of \$16 on the sale. As the vehicle was already assembled and there were no extra parts or tools to buy, the amount paid for the wagon represented all of the cost to Mr. Jones. The dealer spent the \$16 profit for a new sign on his building; the sign painter hired a carpenter to repair the roof on his house; the carpenter paid his bill at the butcher's and the butcher bought a hog from Mr. Jones. And so the \$16 kept going in the county until a farmer with the mail order habit got sold of it. He sent it to Chicago and it never came back.

But this wasn't the last of the two purchases. A few weeks after the two wagons were bought, Mr. Brown's boy and Mr. Jones' boy, driving the new vehicles, met on the country road. They drove too close to each other and a smash-up resulted. The weakest part of each wagon gave way; an axle on the mail order product was broken and a doubletree on the other was smashed. Both breaks were plainly because of defective construction. Mr. Jones took his broken doubletree to town the next day and the dealer gave him a new one. Mr. Brown attempted to explain to the Chicago firm that the axle would not have broken if it had not been defective and requested this explanation with a request for a new part, but after several weeks of correspondence with the piece as far away as at the beginning, he gave it up and bought the axle himself. This experience told Mr. Brown why he should trade with some merchants instead of patronizing the mail order houses.

In Boone county and in every other county there are many who send thousands of dollars out of the county every year, without ever considering

the fact that they are making their community poorer, reducing the per capita of wealth, and dwarfing local business, only to enrich a concern already rich enough to buy several counties. An extra thousand dollars in any community will mean, during the year, many thousands of dollars in business transacted and increased income for practically every one in the community. Often the amount sent to the mail order houses is more than enough to turn the balance the other way and business depression exists where prosperity would prevail under normal conditions. Even if the country purchaser was able to save a snug sum by ordering his supplies from a mail order house, the loss to the community would be greater than the gain for himself. It is needless to point out that as the amount of the mail order business from any community increases the amount of loss to the community also increases, until it is only a question of time until the individual loss caused by the general depression of business will exceed the individual saving.

In fact if everyone in the community bought from the mail order houses, local markets would disappear and the farmer would be compelled to sell as well as buy from the catalogue concerns. The rural districts would be devoid of business activity while the wealth of the country would be centered in one or two points. Buying by mail may be attractive, but the most pronounced mail order fiend must look with apprehension on any condition whereby he would be compelled to depend on the mail order man for a market for his products.

But the idea of saving on individual purchases is, to a great extent, a fallacy. In spite of his boasted ability to buy in large quantities, he is not able to buy for much less than the country merchant. Competition in all manufactured products is too keen for

PUTTING THE CASE

Old Man Elphalet
His Own

Upton Sinclair in an vegetarian banquet attack. "The trusts' effrontery is a piece of charity. And there is no getting around them, no heading them off. They are like old Elphalet Hoskins."

"Elphalet Hoskins was one of the old residents of the Head of Sassafras, a small Maryland village. He was light fingered. He lifted eggs, bars of soap, potatoes, chickens—anything that came in his way. The Head of Sassafras people knew his failing well, but on account of his great age they had pity on him. He was never punished."

"It happened that one night a load of dried fish arrived at the wharf too late for the keeper of the general store to remove it."

"They're an honest lot here," muttered the storekeeper as he drew a tarpaulin over his dried fish, and just then he heard cautious footsteps. He looked up and there was old Elphalet Hoskins eyeing the mound of fish floatingly.

"Elphalet," he said, "I've got to leave this pile of fish out here over night. Now, if I give you these two fine fellows will you promise not to steal any of the others?"

"Elphalet looked at the two fish in the storekeeper's hand."

"That's a fair offer, Mr. Smith," he said slowly, "but—well—I dunno—I think I can do better."

MAJORITY OF MEN ARE VAIN.

A Hairdresser Asserts That Many of Them Wear Wigs.

"Nearly every woman wears some other woman's hair," said the hairdresser, "but you might be surprised if you knew the number of men who wear wigs. Many a man's fine head of hair, the envy of his friends, came from the hair store, and is regularly curled and pressed there! Whisper it gently, but most men are even more vain of their appearance than are the frivolous women of the moment. They simply will not stand for a bald head, under 70, and have learned a lesson from their sisters. Often the same hairdresser makes the wig for papa and the 'switch' for mamma, and, if mamma can get the money for her new hair any the more easily out of papa for the fact that he is a devotee of the habit himself, who can blame her for encouraging him in the guileless fad?"

Futile.

After many years of experimenting the people of the earth had succeeded in establishing communication with Mars.

But the signals received were utterly unintelligible.

Many years more were spent in vain in trying to decipher them.

They did not bear the slightest resemblance to any language known on this earth.

Efforts then were made to communicate with some planet whose learned men could interpret the signals.

The only responses received appeared to be couched in even worse gibberish than the written dialects of Mars.

Finding it impossible to secure the services of any planet as an interpreter, the effort was abandoned.

"Go to Jupiter!" recklessly signaled the earth—and tore down its signal stations.

Differ Over Emperor's Mustache.

Mme. Rejane has been giving at her theater in Paris a play in which Napoleon III. is represented. The actor taking the part wears a black mustache, and a warm discussion has arisen in consequence, some persons asserting that the emperor's mustache was yellow. All who ever saw the emperor have been asked to give their testimony. To the best of their recollection the emperor's mustache was all colors. One editor of a paper confirms that it was yellowish, others say it was reddish-brown, stiffened with black polish, and others maintain it was black. Several doctors who had often been in close touch with the emperor before 1870 say that his mustache was dark chestnut brown.

Tricks of the Grogger.

"The man is a grogger," said the food inspector. "He makes whisky out of old barrels."

"Grogging is a recognized trade in some slums. You get hold of old whisky barrels wherein spirits have been maturing for years and you pour into these barrels boiling hot water and you wait a few days."

"The result of your waiting is that the hot water turns to whisky. The wood of the old barrels, you see, is so saturated with spirits that the hot water draws out enough to make a strong grade of red eye."

Didn't Mean to Lose Her.

Dismal Old Lady—I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair, Mr. Tibbins.

Oleaginous Elderly Shopman—I hope you'll wear out a lot more shoe leather yet, mum.

Dismal Old Lady—Ah, but I've one foot in the grave already.

Oleaginous Elderly Shopman—Most 'appy to sell you a single boot, mum.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ill Fortune Without Hope.

Evil is the worst companion you can have in adversity, for hope never enters its dark chambers.

NOT FORTHCOMING.



"Lend us a bob, Sam."
"Ow do I know I shall git it back?"
"I promise it yer on the word of a gent."
"Well, bring the gent down 'ere to me, and yer shall 'ave it."—Jester.

HAD EARNED IT.



"Now, sir, look me in the face and deny, if you dare, that you married me for money."

He raised his eyes until they were directed to her countenance, and faltered, "Well, I think I earned the cash, don't you, dear?"

STILL HOPEFUL.



She (teasingly)—What a fine-looking fellow the half back on the other team is. His features are so regular. He (savagely)—H'm. The match isn't over yet.—Cincinnati Commercial-Enquirer.

CALM AND COLLECTED.



Reporter—So they tell me that you and Branningham were calm and collected after the explosion?
O'Flanagan—Well, sor, I was calm, but poor Branningham wor collected.—N. Y. Press.

CORNERED.



Householder—Here, drop that coat and get out.
Burglar—You be quiet, or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter that you forgot to post.—Royal Magazine.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Cimarron Improvement Company

Territory of New Mexico,
Office of the Secretary.

Certificate of Comparison.

I, J. W. Reynolds, secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, do hereby certify that there was filed for record in this office at 9 o'clock a. m., on the 20th day of March A. D. 1907, Articles of Incorporation of Cimarron Improvement Company, No. 4838, and also, that I have compared the following copy of the same, with the original thereof now on file, and declare it to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the Territory of New Mexico, at the city of Santa Fe, the Capital, on this 20th day of March, A. D. 1907.

J. W. REYNOLDS,
(Seal.) Secretary of New Mexico.

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF CIMARRON IMPROVEMENT CO.

We, the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves together into a corporation under and by virtue of the provisions of the laws of the Territory of New Mexico, and do hereby certify and declare:

First.

The name of this corporation shall be "CIMARRON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY."

Second.

The location of its principal office in the Territory of New Mexico shall be in the town of Cimarron, and county of Colfax, and the name of the agent therein, and in charge thereof, on whom process may be served is H. R. Griebel.

Third.

The objects for which this corporation is formed are:

To buy, or otherwise acquire, hold, own, use, improve, lease, sell, assign, transfer, mortgage or otherwise dispose of real estate, and to loan money on real estate mortgages.

To build, construct, erect, or cause to be built, constructed or erected and to hold, own, use, operate, lease, sell or otherwise dispose of buildings, structures, works, plants, lines and systems of every description.

To do whatever may be necessary in carrying on its business and unlimitedly to deal in real estate and personal property in the territory of New Mexico, or elsewhere.

To borrow money for its purposes and issue and dispose of its negotiable obligations and mortgage its property to secure payment thereof.

To acquire by purchase, subscription or otherwise, and to hold, own, sell assign, transfer, pledge, mortgage or otherwise dispose of any bonds, securities or other evidences of indebtedness or shares of the capital stock or other corporations or associations, and, while the owners of such stock, to exercise the right to vote thereon.

Fourth.

The total amount of authorized capital stock of this corporation shall be \$100,000, divided into 1,000 shares of \$100.00 each, and the amount with which it will commence business, shall be \$2,000.00.

Fifth.

The names and postoffice addresses of the incorporators, together with the number of shares subscribed for by each, are as follows:

Norman Wilkins, Cimarron, N. M.; 5 shares.
S. E. Pelphrey, Cimarron, N. M.; 5 shares.
Frederic Whitney, Cimarron, N. M.; 5 shares.
Charles Springer, Cimarron, N. M.; 5 shares.

Sixth.

The period of time fixed for the duration of this corporation shall be fifty years.

Seventh.

The number of directors shall be three, and the names of those who shall manage the affairs of the company for the first year or until their successors shall be duly appointed and qualified, are:

G. E. Pelphrey, Frederic Whitney, Charles Springer.

Eighth.

The directors may hold meetings in the Territory of New Mexico at such time, and in such places as they may deem necessary and proper.

Ninth.

The directors may make, alter, amend and repeal by-laws governing the affairs of the corporation, but by-laws so made, altered, amended or repealed may be altered, amended, repealed or restored by a two-thirds vote of the stockholders in interest at any regular meeting, or, special meeting appointed for that purpose.

In Witness whereof, we have here-

unto set our hands and seals on this, the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907,
(Seal.) NORMAN WILKINS,
FREDERIC WHITNEY,
CHARLES SPRINGER,
SAMUEL E. PELPHREY.

Territory of New Mexico,)
(ss.

County of Colfax.

On this, the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907, before me, a notary public in and for said county, personally appeared Norman Wilkins, Frederic Whitney, Charles Springer, Samuel E. Pelphrey, to me personally known to be the individuals whose names are subscribed hereto and they severally acknowledged that they executed the foregoing Articles of Incorporation as their free act and deed for the purposes set forth therein.

Witness, my hand and seal (Notarial) the day and year last above written.

(Seal) GEO. M. CHANDLER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires May 30, 1908.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO.

Office of the Secretary.

Certificate of Comparison.

I, J. W. Reynolds, secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, do hereby certify that there was filed for record in this office at nine o'clock a. m., on the twentieth day of March A. D. 1907, Certificate of Non-liability of Stockholders of Cimarron Improvement Company (No. 4839), and also, that I have compared the following copy of the same with the original thereof now on file, and declare it to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the Territory of New Mexico, at the City of Santa Fe, the Capital, on this 20th day of March A. D. 1907.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
Secretary of New Mexico.

CERTIFICATE OF NON-LIABILITY OF STOCKHOLDERS OF CIMARRON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

We, the undersigned incorporators of Cimarron Improvement Company, desiring to limit the liability of Stockholders of said company, do hereby certify and declare:

There shall be no liability of Stockholders on account of stock issued, or to be issued by the company.

Second.

The principal office of the company is in the town of Cimarron, County of Colfax and Territory of New Mexico and the name of the agent therein and in charge thereof on whom process may be served, is H. R. Griebel.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this eighteenth day of March A. D. 1907.

(Seal.) FREDERICK WHITNEY,
CHARLES SPRINGER,
NORMAN WILKINS,
SAMUEL E. PELPHREY.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO,

County of Colfax, ss:

On this, the 18th day of March A. D. 1907, before me, a notary public in and for said county, personally appeared Frederic Whitney, Charles Springer, Norman Wilkins and Samuel E. Pelphrey, to me personally known to be the individuals whose names are subscribed hereto and they severally acknowledged that they executed the foregoing Certificate of Non-liability as their free act and deed for the purposes set forth therein.

Witness my hand and seal (Notarial) the day and year last above written.

GEO. M. CHANDLER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires May 30, 1908.

Live Stock AND Real Estate BOUGHT AND SOLD On Commission

Parties wishing to buy or sell either Live Stock or Real Estate, will do well to call on or list their property or stock with me

Proprietor of the Hartley Meat Market
Meats for sale by the quarter at all times

C. E. HARTLEY
Springer, N. M.

R. C. ALFORD

Attorney-at-Law
Rooms 6 and 7, Roth Block

RATON. NEW MEXICO